

11777. a
THE
MOUNTAINEERS;

A
PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

LONDON:

Printed for the curious, and not sold by the
Booksellers in general.

MDCCXCIV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Octavian	• • • • •	Mr. Palmer.
Violet,	• • • • •	Mr. Barrymore,
Kilmallock,	• • • • •	Mr. Johnstone
Roque,	• • • • •	Mr. Aickin.
Lope Tocho,	• • • • •	Mr. Parsons.
Bulcazin Muley	• • • • •	Mr. Bensley.
Ganem,	• • • • •	Mr. C. Kemble.
Sadi,	• • • • •	Mr. Bannister, jun.



Officer, Alibeg, Old Goatherd, Muleteers,
Old Goatherd's Sons, first Moor, second
Moor, and third Moor, Goatherd and
Moorish Soldiers.

WOMEN.

Agnes,	• • • • •	Mrs. Bland.
Zorayda,	• • • • •	Mrs. Kemble.
Floranthé,	• • • • •	Mrs. Goodall.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

THE Gardens of BULCAZIN MULEY, part of the Castle, in one of the towers a window, at which ZORAYDA appears, a draw bridge, from which the characters pass over, VIOLETT, and KILLMALLOCK; discovered at work.

COUNT.

KILLMALLOCK.

Viro. How now, noble Captain Killmallock?

Kil. I wonder if the ingenious gentleman, that first hit upon digging, tried it with as pleasant a broiling sun over his head, as we have—By my soul, if he went to work with his jacket on, it would have warmed it pretty decently.

Viro. We are slaves, Killmallock, and must submit, but we are soldiers of Spain, christian soldiers, both our faith and our profession, when providence inflicts calamity preach patience to us, murmurs are fruitless brother soldier, the fickle goddess, Fortune, hears not the complaining of the grief worn captive.

Kil. Truly, now, Count Violet I always understood the good lady was blind, but I was never before told she was dunny, faith and that I take to be the reason she has never been good natured enough to listen—when I have reminded her what a dirty devil she has been to me, first I was tossed out of Tipperary into Spain, where I have fought these seven years under Ferdinand, the fifth King of Castile, and Arragon, till the thumps bestowed on me by his Catholic majesty's enemies, (and be hanged to them) have belaboured up to the rank of a captain.

Viro. Right, of Calatrava, of which gallant order I boast myself a member.

Kil. Faith, and you may boast, for my part I never had the knack of it—but I have had the honor, signior of fighting side by side, with you, against the Moors of Grenada, there.—

Viro. And bravely too, good comrade.

Kil. Alli!—one for that, well now I have the honour of being locked up with you, in the gardens of an old whisker faced Arabian, we have been prisoners these three months, and here are a pretty pair of famous knights, that boast themselves of the gallant Order of Calatrava, with a bit of a shovel popt into their noble hands, digging away like two planters of potatoes.

Viro. Yet comfort thee Killmallock, Grenada is closely besieged, our royal master Ferdinand, has raised, and fortified a

town near to their walls, 'tis as I hear, a well stock'd hive of war, terming with close compacted swarms of soldiery, who will so buz about their Moorships ears; yea, and so sting these streak skinned musselmen, that they will smart to death with it. Noble comrade, prove but their arms successful, and 'twill cut ahead to freedom for us. Yet that's doubtful, there were indeed a shorter way. (*musings.*)

Kil. Oh! then let's be after trudging, that if there are two roads out of captivity, I am always for travelling the shortest cut, because it bids fair to be the nearest.

Viro. Come, I will trust thee, I do know thee brave, and in the breast, where fire-ey'd courage rears her rugged throne, sure honor must inhabit! yet dare I trust thee? (*considering.*)

Kil. Dare you! look'ye Count Virolet, you dare do much, for you are the first that ever dare tell me to my teeth, he held my honour in doubt—Oh! fire and ounds, and saint Dominick to boot. Hark'ye, Sir Don, I was never a hunter after other men's secrets, as I am not over fond of keeping what does not belong to me, but I am an Irishman, mark you me, born a subject to his English majesty, heaven prosper the king, and country to the end of time, and if any Spaniard, Frenchman, or elsewhere touch upon our honors, by my soul, we'll fillip 'em soundly for daring to call it in question.

Viro. Friend, were the merits of thy nation scann'd from one particular, and thou the sample, I should affirm thy countrymen all heart, stuff'd with such manly qualities, that it doth grievously perplex their heads, when to find fit seasons for exercising them. He that doth take offence before 'tis meant, is in himself offending, Sir, it dwelt not within my thoughts to anger you.

Kil. If you did not give me a shake of your Spanish fist, signior. I intreat your pardon. Bestrew me count, but I am as far from giving an offence wrongfully, as I am from taking one, and as I am the sample you talk of, mark down this for my countrymen, if it please you, if my head mischances to run itself in the dark against the feelings of another, my heart bids me go thro' fire and water, for his service, by way of reparation.

Viro. The spirit of thy warm and kindly nation, shines thro' thy speech, rough soldier, hear me comrade! thou knowest the governor.

Kil. What, the Moor, Bulcazin Mulcy? our master, as he calls himself. an arrant old.—

Viro. Your patience, this same Moor who ho'ds us captives, has one fair daughter, beauties parragon; each evening as the sun begins to sink, behind the mountains top, in yonder tower

she sits, and in a simple mournful ditty, pours forth a strain of native melody, that doth enchant the ravished hearers soul, our warbling Philomel.

Kil. And certainly an afternoon's song is a mighty pretty refreshment, for a jontleman who has been turning up the mould for eight hours together. But for the life of me now, I cannot think how it will give him strength to squeeze thr'o the fortifications of Grenada.

Viro. Briefly, to Zorayda am I sworn, and she fair soul to me, some two months back; worn with fatigue and leaning on my spade in pensive sort under the Cork-tree boughs, that wave beneath the fullen turrets window, a female hand stretched out thro' the lattice-work let fall a letter to me, thus it ran — "I am at heart
"a christian, from the slaves you have I singled out. — bear me from hence, then fortune and Zorayda are your own."

Kil. Och! the crater.

Viro. Oft to her window have I stole at dusk, when from the tower a filken cord has dropt, and thus in mute exchange, we have convey'd our written vows, for speech were dangerous. Her Father, chief about the Moorish king, holds the town keys in charge,

Kil. The keys!

Viro. Aye comrade, our project ripens, she has will'd me to bring a chosen friend to back my enterprize, and thou art he whom I select, Kilmallock.

Kil. Faith, Count Virolet, and you have chosen as handsomly as heart can desire, for the service of a fair lady, or a small matter of fighting, you may search the world over before you will find any better prepared than an Irishman.

Viro. Day wears apace, and the cool evening breeze blows fresh and sweetly,—listen, [Zorayda sings at the window.

SONG, ZORAYDA.

Bewailing! bewailing! she snak heart-broken, on her pillow!

Her true love's gone, cold, cold as a stone,

Poor Orra, now must wear the willow.

Bewailing! all the night bewailing!

Here lies in gore, her loves no more,

Poor Orra's tears are unavailing.

Kil. Och! blessings on her little moorish throat, she warbles for all the world as natural as a christian.

Viro. Soft, for see she waves me towards the castle, comrade tarry I pray thee near this spot awhile. I'll cross the moat, and at the eastern gate try for admission, I had near forgot, should Sadi pass along, the dapper Moor that guards the slaves and parcels out our labour, draw him aside, Zoraydas entreaty and love

the patch doth bear, a female slave hath won him to us; should he play the churl as he is wont, then be this ring thy token, and he will soften straight, comrade farewell and fortune be my speed.

[Exit over the bridge.]

Kil. What a recreation it is to be in love, it sets the heart aching so delightfully, there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain. Cupid as the poets feign, is stone blind, troth, and they feign very truly, or this lady Moor (no disparagement to the Count) had never cast her eye on a Spaniard, and let a gentleman of Tipperary stand by without bestowing a glance on him. *[Sadi talks without]* Youder trots Sadi, head shepherd over the flock of slaves, 'tis near sunset, and he comes to pen us all up in the manfold.

Enter SADI and two MOORS.

Sadi. Out, out; I am sun-roasted like an oven, or ripe fig till I am ready to drop, it looks well now that I drudge, and you stand still; arn't you two placed under me, you lope-ear'd knaves, you

Moors. We are good, Sadi.

Sadi. Oh! cry—you mercy, it seem'd you had forgot the rule of all well governed states.

Moors. What is it Sadi?

Sadi. What is it Sadi? marry this is it Sirrah, and see you note it, when large pay is given for high employment, 'tis the head man's care to take the money, and the deputies to do the work, therefore shew vigilance in your departments of labour, as I like my brother great men, give example of my regularity in my more lofty task of receiving the profits, remember 'tis the order of our master, Bulcazin Muley, that you look narrowly to the slaves.

2d Moor. I did ne'er relax, I hold the christians in mortal hate, 'tis meat and drink to me, to scourge 'em.

Sadi. Thou hast indeed friends, a tolerable twist that way, thy mind is of the true Mahomet kidney, with the right savage maw of a Mussulman, no one can lay to thy charge the guilt of humanity; go to, I have noted the diligence of thy cruelty, and, it shall go hard but I will so order it ere long, your deserts shall be shower'd on you in plentiful thickness.

2d Moor. I thank thee Sadi, for thy remembrance.

Sadi. Content thee friend, thou shalt shortly carry the marks of it.—How now christian? *(To Kilmallock.)*

Kil. How now, Moor?

Sadi. You must away with me, the sun is near a bed.

Kil. Faith, then master Sadi, I shall e'en walk this garden a small half hour, till he puts out the candle.

Sadi. Were I to chuse now, I would rather deal with a dozen blustering captives, than one Irish, or English, there is as it were, a kind of a steady, cool method of freedom, about these islanders, (as if it grew to them) that keeps its dignity better than any other nation of christendom, come on sir, you must forward. *(urging him)*

Kil. Hark'ye, Mr. Sadi, the Moor, when a man's in captivity, and wants to seek a favour of a rogue, with two more at his back, I don't hold it altogether wise, to thump him into compliance, so as I would be private, here, here, are a couple of doubloons sav'd from the old plunderer your master, to leave me to my meditations

Sadi. Why, look you christian, it pleased Mahom't and my father when they made me, to make a Moor, my mother was an humble vassal here, coop'd up for life, like an old hen in the castle, and they found me one morning hatched in Bulcazin's house, a new bit of his live property, I was brought up from the shell to the business I am put upon; it may not happily hit my humour to crow over the captives, but if ever I take wing, and fly from the ground of my duty, trust me christian, I shan't be tempted to it by the scanty grains thrown in my way, by the necessities of the unfortunate; put up your money christian.

Kil. Faith, and I will, this is the best bantam of the whole black brood of Greneda, and I would that every gentleman of England, discharged his trust with as much honesty and feeling, as my friend here of the copper complexion; you'll consent then honest fellow to my taking a solitary walk here, without remuneration.

Sadi. I dare not, my master is severe, his servants pregnant with jealousy and suspicion; each is ever a spy to his fellow, were I found negligent upon so slight a ground too, I could not answer it, 'twere danger of my place, my life, my—*(Kilmallock shews the ring)* Eh hum! stand back you slaves, —*(to slaves)* Zorayda.

Kil. Count Violet on the castle.

Sadi. Fellows, this fool's refractory.—I'll along with him to our master at the castle—follow, but to the next turning, then leave me rogues, I'll manage him from hence, I warrant, why how now sirrah? face to the moat you rogue. Oh! what you come about then, do you? on, slave on.—

(Exit following Kilmallock over the bridge,)

SCENE—II. A Chamber of BULCAZIN.

Enter BULCAZIN and GANEM.

Bul. So great the Spaniards army say you? why by Alla

Ganem, it is not credible, it is a christian fiction, I have no faith in it, I have no faith in any thing that's christian, it cannot be.

Gan. It is most certain, sir, our spy is now returned, who took their number last night with vantage of the cooling breeze that still-fann'd the parched, and sun-cracked earth; King Ferdinand, before his new built town, that braves our walls, in person, did review full fifty-thousand Spanish men in arms, lusty and fresh, their polished coats of-mail, gleam'd in faint pride beneath the silver moon, which hung in maiden sorrow o'er their heads, as looking pale at man intent on slaughter.

Bul. Now, may the pestilential dew of vaprous night pierce to their narrow sap, their hated bones, the flagging air blow hot and moist upon 'em! may the high prophet that protects our battles, from the ponderous and swelling clouds deluge, and deluge down till the swollen river overflows its limits, and the sodden christians rot like starved carrion in the drown'd field: what, has the king sent for me?

Gan. Ere now, sir, he waits your coming at the Alhambra.

Bul. Say, I attend his coming; stay, come back, evermore to and fro, evermore cares, council, dispatches, court, mosque, garrison, treading the cities avenue to goad the sluggish guard to duty, then at night was dropping to entrap the mutineer, or ploddingly by the blue or paly lamp in painful rumination. This is to be a governor, a doggo, mule that climbs the craggy mountain with his load, enjoys life of ease, to it I do envy the vilest beast that sweats beneath his burthen, for mine's upon the brain; dull thoughtless hound, why art thou not gone?

Gan. It was your will, so please you to call me back again.

Bul. O! true, good Ganem, go to Zorayda my daughter, tell her ere I go forth, I would be glad to speak with her. (*Exit Ganem*) There's another toil to guard a daughter, and watch the youthful shoots of disposition, in a green growing girl, she has seemed sad of late, but yesternoon, as I did question her in casual talk, when she had been at Mosque, a teeling tear dropt from her cheek upon her hand at Mosque. The silly fool is vapourish, her mother that's dead, was a christian, um; oh! Mahomet, if that I thought 'twere so, my symitar should—Pu'h, it cannot be, sweet wench I wrong her.

Enter ZORAYDA.

Zora. I am here, father, would you ought with me.

Bul. Come hither wench, I must to the Alhambra; should Guissar arrive ere my return, there is a writing sealed up in my cabinet, (this is the key,) you must deliver to him, why does'nt

take it dreamer? my Zorayda, art thou not well my child, why dost thou tremble?

Zor. 'Tis that your sternness terrifies me, father, my heart is brimful when you are kind to me, and my eyes too, no wonder then I tremble, when you speak angrily.

Bul. My dear! dear-daughter; cheer thee my child, the duties which of late do throng upon me, may go nigh-belike, to make me somewhat fretful, these vile christians vex thy poor father sore, Zorayda, would it not glad thee wench to see these dogs dragg'd thro' our town in chains?

Zor. No, trust me father, for when the captives pass that dig our gardens, pining in wretchedness, and spirit broken, poor hearts, I turn aside my head and weep, to see a sight so pitteous, surely father, when Heaven made man, it never was ordained that they should make their fellow creatures slaves, and call 'em with such cruelty.

Bul. How now, dost lean to 'em, observe me well, Zorayda, I do misdoubt thee heavily, yea heavily, these christians on whose misery your eyes lavish in baby bounty, drops a tear, have been our nation's scourge, I could more readily suck poison from a cold and speckled toad, and as I drained his venom, think bees distilled their mountain on my lips, than smother in my breast the rooted hate I bear a loathsome christian, mark me girl, thou art my heart's dear love, do not prove a changeling, for shouldst thou mingle with my soul's antipathy, I'd see thee drooping on a death-bed, and let my curse fall bitter on thy head, think on't and so farewell. [Exit.

Enter AGNES.

Zor. How now, Agnes.

Agnes. Haste, you, madam, Count Virolet is uneasy at your stay, he is stalking to and fro your chamber, to give his patience exercise, will it please you to go, madam?

Zor. Aye, weuch, and further, that it may please me, here has been my father, girl, loud in anger, he has used me with unkindly words, and all about these christians; wert thou me, what course would'st thou follow Agnes?

Agn. I have but a shallow wit to advize madam, but would for my own part, do like the Spanish girls, when they have an opportunity.

Zor. And what do they, when fathers prove unkind?

Agn. They run away, madam.

Zor. Bestrew me now, my heart does sink within me, yet I can ne'er forget my mother's council, as I watched by her on the night she died, and there is something here that whispers me,

I shall not be easy till I am a christian, should Virolet's entreaty and the harshness I meet with here at home, hasten my flight, would'st follow me, Agnes?

Agn. Follow you! oh the virgin, it shows little love to follow you into liberty, would I had the means to show more.

Zor. Wherefore, good Ages?

Agn. Because you have been kind to me, I was brought here a slave, torn from my poor old father, my heart had broke with sorrow but for you lady—you took me to you, and dried the tears that ran trickling down my face, with words of comfort, my fortunes have been always humble, lady; but I can be grateful and trusty, and I should be weary of my life if I forgot to love those whose charity and goodness had preserved it; I could follow you all the world over, lady.

Zor. Sweet heart, thank thee, listen to me, Agnes, my father will return anon, mean while (a chance which never may befall again) I have his cabinet in charge, he keeps in it the key of the little western gate, thro' which in private he's wont to pass forth from the city. Virolet has moved me with reasons strong, honey, sweet persuasion, we must away to-night.

Agn. To night, lady!

Zor. Or never girl.

Agn. What, and unprotected?

Zor. No Agnes, Virolet will guard us.

Agn. Truly madam, he's but one, and in the night I am apt to feel disheartened, I could wish now.—

Zor. What, girl!

Agn. Why of a truth, then madam if Sadi went with us, methinks I should feel more valliant.

Zor. Take heed good Agnes, search thy bosom well, nor draw this half-converted Moor along to swell a giddy pride, and woman's likeness, my purposes are pure and solemn, Agnes—did not a holy light direct my course, not all the love which I do bear to Virolet, could tear me from a father, therefore, Agnes, prove well thy heart if thou dost find it steady unto this Moor, bring him away with thee, else sully not my sacred enterprise with ill beeming levity, anon you'll find me in my chamber.

[Exit.

Agn. What a world of pains it saves to have one's mind ready made up, to be married at short notice. I had lost else the time for my journey in debating on the fitness of my company. Heigo! I wish my Sadi were a shade lighter, no slave-driver in all Grenada has a sweeter disposition; father Sebastian, a captive here, good soul, says that when a Moor turns christian, faith will work any

thing, I wonder if ever it whitens the skin, bating his complexion, Sadi is as proper a man with the best curl'd hair of any in Spain, would the evening muster was over, and the guard placed—for the night song.

AIR—AGNES.

WHEN the hollow drum has beat to bed,
When the little fifer hangs his head ;—
Still in mute the Moorish flute,
And nodding guards, watch wearily ;
Then will we, from prison free,
March out by moon light cheerily.
When the Moorish cymbals clash by day,
When the brazen trumpets shrilly bray,
The slave in vain, must then complain
Of tyranny and knavery.
Would he know, his time to go,
And slyly slip from slavery ;
'Tis when the hollow drum has beat to bed ;
When the little fifer hangs his head ;
Still in mute, the Moorish flute.
And nodding guards, watch wearily ;
Oh then must he, from prison free,
March out by moon light cherily !

Enter SADI.

Sadi. Hift, hift, Agnes, whether away so fast ?

Agn. Sadi, I was going to the lady Zorayda, and thou art come to my very wish.

Sadi. To see what luck has the appearance of a man, a Moor, should so tickle the fancy of a little she christian ; didst really wish to see me, agnes ?

Agn. You have been always welcome to me, Sadi, ever since you brought me the little purse of piafters, to send to my father, who is in want, tho' the lady Zorayda's bounty, prevented my taking it, I love thee for thy heart dearly, Sadi.

Sadi. I doubt not, now whether that an't the best thing about man, that woman can take fancy to after all, should a knave that could be flinty-hearted to a poor girl in distress, fall in my way and propose to chop natures with me, I woud'nt change with him, tho' his face were as white as a colliflower. Kiss me Agnes, 'tis thus I've been converted.

Agn. Nay, how ?

Sadi. By the mass 'tis true, had forty fat monks fail'd in preaching Mahomet out of me, thy lips Agnes, wou'd convert me.

Agn. Prithelisten, the Lady Zorayda will away to night,

Sadi. I guess'd as much.

Agn. Aye, marry, how so?

Sadi. O there is a captive now waits without for Count Virolet, his sworn friend, who is to be a partner in his flight, he seems well fitted for danger and secrecy, he's both brave and faithful, I would have brought him hither, but I was told you was here, Agnes.

Agn. Well, Sadi, thou know'st I'm trusted with all.

Sadi. True, but to be plain with you, he's of the Irish nation, and when a man wou'd talk business with a female, those of his country are noted for taking off their attention.

Agn. Out on thee, thou would'st turn jealous shortly, well, night is near, and *when, when*, I am away with the Lady Zorayda, thou wilt think kinder of me.

Sadi. How!—what—dost thou go with her, Agnes,

Agn. Surely.

Sadi. What, and leave me, hum!

Agn. Would'st thou have me tarry behind, when my good lady is in danger, and loose the means of freedom, thou know'st that—what ails thee, Sadi, art not well?

Sadi. Yes—its nothing Agnes, 'tis the cholic—to night say you?

Agn. Aye, Sadi, and here I have a little rosary, you shall keep it for my sake, let me tie it on thy neck, so thou'lt think on me sometimes, when thou look'st at it, Sadi, won't you?

Sadi. Agnes, I,—I cannot speak well at present, I thought we had bid fair to stick together thro' life—but I'll not upbraid you, *Alla* blefs you Agnes, and shou'd you meet a lighter skin'd lover, may he be as fond and as faithful as the poor dusky fellow, you leave broken-hearted behind you.

Agn. Nay, but Sadi—

Sadi. Farewell, I look'd shortly to be taken to be christen'd, had you mov'd steady to me, I am now neither Moor nor Catholic, and shou'd thy unkindness wear me to the grave, I can claim little more than pye-ball burial—go Agnes, and happiness be with you.

Agn. And when I go a step without you Sadi, may I never know what it is to be happy again.

Sadi. Eh—eh,—

Agn. Oh! my dear Sadi, forgive the pain I have put you to, but you seem'd jealous of me Sadi, and in punishing you for it, bestrew me, I have smarted myself.

Sadi. Now, cou'd I be displeas'd in my turn, were I not too glad to be angry—your hand Agnes, I have offended, and thou

carriest the whip, do not fear finding me guilty again, for thou hast laid it on so tightly, that were I to live a thousand years the smart on't would never be out of my memory.

Agn. Comfort thee, Sadi, the Lady Zorayda has consented that thou shou'd'st along with us, liberty is now before me, and if thou lovest me, let's away; prepare thee quickly for night is coming on.

Sadi. Farewell master, I will pack up straight with five years pay, a true heart, three shirts, christianity in my head, and thee under my arm, will I this night take a long, long leave of *Grenada*; hang care and thy guitar at thy back, Agnes, and we'll joy merrily over the mountains into Andalusia.

DUET—SADI, and AGNES.

Sadi. Oh! happy tawney-Moor, when you love,
Climb the mountain with your true love,

Will you by the way the music play?
Your sweet guitar a tinkling, Sadi,
Listens to his Spanish Lady!

Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang, tanki, tanki, tay.

Agnes. Oh! bonny tawney-Moor! together,
As we brave the wind and weather,

Won't you by the way, From Agnes stray?
While their guitars are tinkling, Sadi,
Love no other Spanish lady? Tang, tanki, &c.

Sadi. Cease, pretty Agnes, cease;—no beauty,
E'er could keep me from my duty,

Let them all the day, Their music play?

Agnes. Then my guitar a tinkling, Sadi,
Follow now your Spanish lady! Tang, tanki, &c.

BOTH.

Agnes. Then my guitar, &c.

Sadi. Her sweet guitar a tinkling, Sadi,
Follows now his Spanish lady.

Tang, tanki, tinki, &c. (*Exit*)

SCENE—III. *The Moorish Market Place, a Moorish march of Guards, who form a double crescent in the front of the Stage.*

Officer. Alibeg.

Ali. Here, my pacha.

Officer. Having this day rais'd thee from the ranks, 'tis fit I do recompence the care with which thou hast drawn forth soldiers—how long hast thou borne arms?

Ali. Five and twenty years, so please you the last moon of Maharam.

B

Officer. And see thou art now promoted, mark Alibeg, the advantage of the Mussulman army—while the worn out Catholic foldier retires that a young man may fill his place, then is the happy Moor advanced to all the fatigues of duty; thou hath now, Alibeg the full pay of thy deceas'd predeceffor.

Ali. Thy slave thanks thee, noble Pacha.

Off. Out of which Alibeg, thou hath simply to maintain his four widows, and thirteen children left behind him, blefs thyself Alibeg, that thou art born to fight under Moorish leaders, who are distinguished by such charity as is never thought of in a christian country—is each man here according to his roll?

Ali. Noble Pacha, all—all.

Off. I will first address them, then Alibeg, march them to their posts for the night. Moors and soldiers, under the renown'd Boabdilli Mahomet Chiquetto to King of Grenada, 'tis the regard of your commander, who now speaks, who now cautions you, relax not from your charge, my tenderness bids you to vigilant thro' the night, that you may escape the bow-string, to which I shou'd otherwise sentence you in the morning—the true soldier thinks his duty a pleasure, the Spaniards who besiege us, are christians, you are Moors, remember you fight in the cause of your religion, maintain its amiable doctrines to the last, and shew your prisoners no mercy; now to your watch.—were out of kindness, I forbid you to fortify your stomach's against the air of the night, for he who lifts wine to his mouth, my worthy friends, speedly looses his head—strike and away!

FINAL E.—Grand Chorus of MOORISH SOLDIERS.

THE sun is sunk;—and from afar,

See the pale bright evening star,

Soon the wolf begins to prowl;

Soon the shrilly screeking owl,

Though the air, her death-wing claps,

And at the sick man's window flaps;

While, on the-rampart, strong and steep,

Their silent watch the sentries keep.

Hark, to the heavy rolling drum!

The hour of nightly duty's come:

Lusty Moors, obey command!

[Exit.]

March to your posts, and take your stand! march!

ACT II—SCENE I.

The inside of a mean Spanish Inn, stable door, and hayloft above, stools, forms, tables, &c. MULETEERS, discovered drinking, LOPE TOCHO, attending.

Lope. Bravely pull'd gallants and merrily, of all the worthy

tuggers at a bottle. give me your noble gentlemen carriers, who wile away the heavy hours in the amusing exercise of driving mules over the mountains.

1st. *Mul.* Certainly mine host, in respect to deep drinking, we Muleteers have hard heads.

Lope. Nay, that ye have, he are a pack of the hardest heads of any in Spain.

2d. *Mul.* Hark ye, Lope Tocho, mine host

Lope. What say you, noble signior of the mules?

2d. *Mul.* Methinks the kid you give us at supper, had some what of an unfavoury smell with it—it did as it were, stink most abominably.

Lope. I know not well how that cou'd happen, for I have bestow'd wonderous pains on it this three weeks, to make it sweet; for delicate eating, and right Malaga, there is'nt an inn can match mine between this and Antiguera.

1st. *Mul.* Hast any news stirring in these parts, honest Lope.

Lope. War, war, with the Moors, we are here on the skirts of their Kingdom, and in the very heart, as I may say, of those skirts—King Ferdinand of Castile and Arragon, does now most closely stick, St. Jago be his guide say I,—I could never away with these infidels, their's must needs be a devil of a religion that forbids the drinking of wine.

2d. *Mul.* One cup to the christian cause, mine host.

Lope. Right, willingly—confussion to the barbarous Moors and may the king of a christian people never want loving subjects to drink his prosperity, and give the enemies of humanity a drubbing.

(*a'l drink*)

4th. *Mul.* Prithe Perez, as we passed thro' this cordova, did'st think to get my pack-saddle mended for the blind mule?

3d. *Mul.* Truly brother, I car'd not to pay five good reals, when perhaps I may never chance to see them again.

4th. *Mul.* Santa Maria! (*starts up*) Reflect on the honour of a Spaniard! s'death and my mustachio's, thou shalt not live.

(*Draws his stiletto*)

Lope. Nay, gentlemen, here's goodly work, sweet signior of the mules be pac fied—honour is a delicate matter, he cou'd not mean it noble driver of the mules, be not offended at it.

4th. *Mul.* Wound my integrity, 'tis dearer to a Spaniard than life—'tis an affront cannot be mended.

Lope. It shall, honourable signior, and your pack-saddle too; good friend thr w the cold water of repentance on the fire of his anger—come, come, 'tis a hasty speech, say so and be friends.

2d. *Mul.* Well, well, I meant not to wound his honour. Bz

Lope. See there now

4th. Mul. I am content, but remember in future brother, what's due to the honour of a Spaniard, insult him, and he'll compass the globe for revenge—your hand—my honour satisfied, I shall think no more on't—we'll clean our mules together in fellowship, as usual.

Lope. By our lady 'tis sensibly said, many a life has been lost on a point of honour, no more difficult to be settled than this, come then, another cup to drown animosity,

4th. Mul. Content, and then to rest, 'tis deep midnight, and we must rise betimes in our way to Ribeda.

Lope. Mafs, you Muleteers in the way of pleasant travelling have a wearisome time of it.

4th. Mul. The grandee mine host, that sleeps upon down, little dreams of our hardships, and yet we can be merry too, come let us troul around and then go stretch upon the straw,

G L E E.—MULETEERS.

YOU high born Spanish noblemen, you Dons and Cavaliers!

Ah! little do you think upon the lowly muleteers!

To earn an honest livelihood, what toils, what cares we know;
Small our gain, great our pain, O'er the hills, o'er the plain,
Parch'd with heat, drench'd with rain, still the Muleteer must go.

When darkness overtakes us, our mules to droop begin;

Fatigu'd and spent, what joy we feel to reach the wish'd for inn!

We drain the wine cag jollity, we toss it too and fro;

While to sleep as we creep, Maritornes well may weep,

That when day-light does peep, then the Muleteer must go!

Soho! within there!

(knocking and calling)

Lope. Travellers by St. Dominick, and by the noise of authority; here Parequillo! (knocks again) Parequillo! (knocks again) aye, even thus, I never knew any great man on the wrong side of a house, that ever cea'd his clamours till he got in, Parequillo look to the gate—signiors, a good nights rest, that way to your straw chamber, gentlemen.

1st. Mul. 'Tis fit we be call'd by times mine host.

Lope. Parequillo! (calling) knock at the gentlemen's stable door by day-break—out you gaping rogues. [Exit Muleteers] I fear me, the tough old cock will never crow day light again, six years and upwards, has he serv'd me for a dial, and now must twist his neck to give these gallants a supper—indeed, truth is we are marvellously scant of provisions.

Enter FLORANTHE dress'd as a Cavalier, leaning on ROQUE.

Roq. So now cheerly—come a seat now, quickly bester, bestir.

Lope. Is not his worship well?

Roq. Cannot your worship see?

Flo. I faint almost with weariness.

Roq. Plague on your dark nights and foul ways, why dost not mend 'em.

Lope. Truly, there be those in this quarter, that might better the foul ways—but for the dark nights we are but ill provided with workmen.

Roq. Art furnished with a good bed frined?

Lope. The best in all Spain, we are much and nobly frequented here signior, we have this very night a company of some twenty or odd.

Roq. A murrain light on 'em! then, they have occupied the bed-chambers.

Lope. No, as luck wou'd have it, they repose in the stable, signior, each man according to his fancy.

Flo. I wou'd to rest friend, we have journey'd far: at sun-rise we must needs set forth again, I am nigh sinking with fatigue.

Roq. No wonder poor heart, my master's nag friend, is the touchest pucing beast in all Spain, 'twou'd tire the devil.

Lope. Wou'd'nt the signior Cavalier please to refresh, I have the remains of a kid, that is delicious, and we are noted here for chicken.

Flo. I do loath the very name of food.

Lope. Loath food; this is a mighty simple youth. (*aside.*

Flo. Prepair my chamber friend, and fear not you tho' I be-take me supperless to bed, I will content thee, for I know the custom as I had banqueted.

Lope. The youth is not altogether so simple as I thought him—Signior Didalgo, your chamber shall be prepared straight, for an excellent supper, if you eat it not 'tis your loss, which is hard; if you pay for it not, it is my loss, which is harder, for I am a poor man that wou'd willingly grow rich.

Roq. Away you knave, and obey orders, see to the chamber, look to the horses, and return anon with some wine, my master is faint with travelling.

Lope. I shall friend, this now must be a delicate piece of smock fac'd nobility, shou'd providence rain beards, 'twou'd do no harm to his chin, if his face was thrust out in the shower. (*Exit.*

Flo. Now tell me Roque? how far is it to the mountain?

Roq. We are nigh the foot on't, we had founder'd by the way else—Heav'n rest these tender joints, for they must needs ach with jolting thus far from Seville.

Flo. I care but little for my aching limbs, did not my heart ach with them.

Roq. 'Tis strange now, the labour some will undergo, to encounter melancholy, truly, I left Octavian in poor plight, to mend the spirits of those who wish him well.

Flo. Was it in the wild part of the mountain, Roque, where late your I ft him.

Roq. Good faith in the every bosom of the Sierra de Ronda; with a full heart and an empty bottle was I trudging from Grenada to Seville, to bring the sad news of my master Count Virolet, your ladyship's brother, being taken by the Moors, when in crossing the mountain here, among other game started by the way, I at last put up a man, Don Octavian, as your ladyship knows, who sprung from a thicket, and flew from my sight like a wild duck.

Flo. Alas! for pity after twelve long months to meet him thus again, now hear me Roque, I think thou art attach'd to all our house, for I have heard my late lost father, say ere thou could'st lisp, thy service had begun in't.

Roq. If my mothers word may pass lady, I held my birth day in't up 4 pair of stairs, in the right-hand garret, that look's over the fish pond, and if ever I prove thankless for being born in the one, I would I might that moment be thrown into the other.

Flo. I do believe thee Roque, therefore good fellow, to-morrow when we seek the mountain's gloom, shou'd any ill befall, and heaven knows what may befall us.

Roq. What! Donna Floranthe, and I with you, they must fight hard lady, that wou'd harm you, and you take the road to dying madam, by your leave, I must go foremost.

Flo. I wou'd not have it so good Roque, live thou what ere betide, to tell my simple story, lest slander blot a luckless maiden's fame, and no one's left to clear her memory.

Roq. Truly madam, I am the worst teller of a story of any man in Spain, I can only say, that your father b'd you love Don Octavian, but as old gentlemen will sometimes change their minds, he after a while charg'd you to love another, which ill-suiting with Don Octavian's humour, he fairly run his rival thro' the body, fled in despair, and had'n't been heard of for a twelve-month, till I started him here in the woods: when coming to tell you the news, I found my old master, rest his soul at peace; you single, the wounded man recover'd, and married to a rich one ey'd widow of Salamanca.

Flo. 'Twill be a faithful story old soldier.

Roq. I trust not madam, for I shall then proceed to specify, that you went out in search of your lover, which I hope, saving your presence, will be one of the errantest lies that ever found passage thro' the mouth of a soldier.

Enter LOPE TOCHO, with a bottle and glass.

Flo. Now friend, hast thou prepared my chamber?

Lope. 'T wou'd ha' done your heart good to ha' seen the warming pan slide between the whit sheets, you'll sleep in air & snow, wou'd it please your honour to take a wet, ere you creep between 'em?

Flo. Not a drop hoist, I will to rest, and Roque, get thee to bed, we must away at dawn hoist, refresh thee Roque, and so good night, good fellow *[Exit.]*

Lope. Do you not follow your master, to help him undress friend?

Roq. That's my business, friend.

Lope. By'r lady, I never saw a gentlemen that knew his own business better, and do it worse in all my life—what may thy master be friend?

Roq. That's his business friend—but for me, I am a soldier, I have learnt somewhat in the wars.

Lope. Ayemarry! I wou'd fain know what that is?

Roq. 'Tis when I see a knave thrust his nose into the business of another, to tweak it very lustily.

Lope. Signior, I do reverence a soldier, but I never much car'd to see him go through his manœuvres.

Roq. Well, fellow, I shall to the loft, and turn in an hour or two, bring the bottle after me, and place it on the hay truss, where I lay me down. *(Exit up ladder.)*

Lope. Well, if ever I carry my countenance thro' the finger and thumb of such a nose-tweaker, again I won'd my face want a handle ever afterwards—oons! I shall dream of nothing all night but the huge paw of a trooper, tweak! well let him lay one hour in the loft, and he'll be the best flea-bitten bally, in all Andalusia. *(Exit.)*

S C E N E—II.

The Sierra de Ronda. Stage dark.

Enter VIROLET, ZORAYDA, and KILMALLOCK.

Viro. Have not a word, good faith it is no wonder, thou must be sadly worn Zorayda, sleep hangs upon those pertty eyes of thine, and dull their lustre, art not wond'rous weary?

Zor. The spirit, christian, that did prompt my flight, will give me patience, I warrant to endure it, 'twere evil in me to forget my father, but were he now less heavy in my thoughts, I shou'd be found a stouter traveller.

Kil. What a sweet little Moor it is, och! she can never be her father's child, by St. Dominick, count, this same escaping from fatiguing work, is mighty hard labour.

Viro. A few leagues more, and we shall reach the town that

skirts this mountain, thence to horse again, and thence to Seville, to my friend, Zorayda.

Zor. Wou'd we were there, for tho' I have been told your duty teaches patience to the sufferer, I fear this painful march may make me peevish, and that were sinful, I shall prove a sorry christian.

Kil. Och! then you'll prove as good as the best, I never knew a young christian lady that was'n't impatient when she was going to be married. Well this mountain is what they call the Sierra de Ronda, close to the borders of Andalusia, we are in the middle of it, with as fine a prospect of a dark night, as a traveller wou'd wish to look round upon.

Viro. Wou'd our companions were come up, 'tis strange they loiter behind us,

Zor. I tremble in these woods for my poor Agnes?

Kil. And then that copper dibble Sadi, too, certain our horses founder'd at the foot of the mountain, that he might stay to look after them, and the girl sat weeping by his side to help him.

Zor. Poor wench! her heart is stor'd with kindness.

Kil. Och! its brimful, but this is the first time I ever heard squatting down to cry, was the way to help a man pull horses out of the mire.

Viro. Wilt forward sweet, or shall we tarry for them?

Zor. Troth, I am weary now, yet I could on, and yet I wou'd, shall I tell thee love, I could not leave this wench behind me and sleep in quiet, she is humble born, but trust me christian, I do see no cause why I should blush in feeling for the lowly, the peasant pining on a bed of straw, should draw as warm a tear from melting pity, as when a monarch suffers.

Viro. Lovely excellence, thou may'st preach when rigid schoolmen fail and win with gentleness, and cause even shame to spread the proud man's cheek, and make the love with charity. [*A distant drum*] Is that a drum Kilmallock?

Kil. Yes, faith, and it does a soldier's heart good to hear it thump tho' to be sure it is not quite so convenient, friends or enemies, it is'nt very civil of 'em to keep a clatter hear at this time o'night, and disturb us lodgers here in the mountain.

Zor. I sink with terror!

Kil. Nay, that you shall not, it never shall be said that a woman sunk in the hour of distress, while a man stands by, that can hold up her chin.

Zor. Let us not forward now I beseech you Viro! t, trust me there's danger in't—poor Agnes too, seek me some covert in this tufted mountain, where 'till the day appears, I may repose and rest in safety.

Viro. Carne, Zorayda. the next bank o'er canopied with trees, must now perforce, be thy rude lodging sweet, I and my comrade will watch near thee, so cheerly, all will be well.

(Exeunt Virolet, and Zorayda.)

Kil. I'll hover about here as an out post, when a man watches by himself in the dark, on a mountain, he's rather apt to be melancholy, but if he should be upon duty there to serve a friend, and guard female innocence, he needs but call in his own thoughts to be in mighty agreeable company, och! this love makes havock with man, woman, and child, tho' of a truth, the passion is some what blunted in me since I left Tipperary.

SONG—Kilmallock.

AT sixteen years old you could get little good of me;
Then I saw Norah—who soon understood of me;
I was in love—but myself for the blood of me?

Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas dear, dear! what can the matter be?

Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter be?

Och, Grammachree! what can the matter be?

Bother'd from head to the tail!

I went to confess me to father O'Flannagan,
Told him my case—made an end then began again;
Father, says I, make me my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear! says he what can the matter be? &c.

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again,

Norah took pity to see me at nurse again;

Gave me a kiss? och, zounds! that threw me worse again!

Well she knew what I did ail.

But, dear, dear! says she what can the matter be? &c.

'Tis long ago now, since I left Tipperary—

How strange, growing older, our natures should vary!

All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,

I cannot tell now what I ail. Dear, dear! &c.

SCENE—III.

Another part of the mountain, a cave half covered with bushes, (lamps up) Enter an old GOATHERD, with a wine-kag in his hand, and his son.

Son. See yonder, father, where day-breaks, here's the cave, father hang the wine-kag at the mouth of it, and then away to tend our goats.

Old Go. *(hangs it up)* Poor gentleman! a sip may cheer his heart, 'tis sorry lodging to be tenant of th's cave for a twelve-
and trust to providence, and us Goatherds for board,

that many a civil and well favour'd Cavalier should come to this pass.

Son. Civil! an a plague on him, when he met me i'the dusk, as he straggled a league from this, he snatched a brown leaf from my hand, and gave me a shower of thwacks on the shoulder, by way of payment.

Old Goa. Alas boy! that was in his mood, his melancholy, that will as thou know'st trouble him sore at times, but it rarely lasts.

Son. Hush—I know it will at times trouble others, and the forenesh lasts a week after it, what affairs should call a melancholy gentleman like him to our wild mountain.

Old Goa & Diego. I do think I have hit on't, I do think 'tis love has put him beside himself—ask thy mother boy, when she crost me in wooing, how I would sometimes start from reason.

Son. Troth, father, you have that trick still, I fear you have been ill-us'd.

Old Goa. Out, graceless—hush, dost not hear him stir?

Son. Nay, then—come away and leave thy charity behind you, and he be in his mood now, we might as well meet the devil,—run old man, or melancholy will cudgel thee away. *Exit.*

Enter OCTAVIAN—rushes from the cave.

I cannot sleep, the leaves are newly pull'd, and as my burning body presses them, their freshness mocks my misery, that frets me, and then I cou'd out watch the lynx. 'Tis dawn, thou hot and rolling sun I rise before thee, for I have twice thy scorching flames within me, and am more restless—now to seek my willow, that droops his mournfull head across the brook, he is my calendar, I'll score his trunk with one more wretched day of solitude—I shall lose count else in my wretchedness—and that were pity, oh! Octavian, where are the times thy ardent nature painted? when fortune smil'd upon thy lusty youth, and all was sunshine, where thy look'd for years, gayly be deck'd with fancy's imagery; when the high blood ran frolic thro' thy veins, and boyhood made thee sanguine; let 'em vanish, prosperity's a cheat, dispair is honest and will stick by me steady, I'll hug it, will glut on't! why the grey beard tore her from me, even in my soul's fond dotage. Oh! 'tis pastime now to see men tug at each other's hearts, I fear not, for my strings are crack'd already—I will go prowle, but look I meet no father's—Oh! Willow, oh! Floranthe! *[Exit]*

Enter SADI and AGNES.

Sadi. A plague on all horses, mountains, and quagmires, nav, keep a good heart Agnes, of all the roads to christianity, this is

the vilest that ever poor fellow travelled, how fares it Agnes?

Agn. O Sadi, I shall never live thro' the mountain.

Sadi. Nay, I warrant we'll do well, do not flag Agnes, do not give way thus for my sake, consider, Agnes, I must support you, and to see you thus, I can hardly support myself, I have had my load of vexation ere now, but this is the first time I ever carried double, I cannot tell well how to bear it.

Agn. Good faith, I do my best Sadi, and I have one comfort left still.

Sadi. Aye, I warrant, what is't, Agnes.

Agn. Why, you are with me Sadi, and should fatigue wear me, and I should die in these wilds, you wou'd close the eyes of your poor Agnes; and I should go in peace with one so near me, who has been so faithful to me.

Sadi. No, truly Agnes, I could never do thee that office, close thy eyes, I should have so much need to hold the napkin to my own, I could never see to perform it, what, art not faint Agnes?

Agn. Trust me, very faint Sadi, and sick, sick at heart.

Sadi. With fasting, poor soul—these mountains would tease hunger into a fever, there are eatables perched upon every bush, but not a morsel that is'nt alive.

Agn. Fainter, and fainter.

Sadi. Rest on this clump, Agnes, and I'll see if any thing may be found near us to comfort you, I'll fight for it thro' thick and thin, oh!—a cave and a kag hung at the mouth on't, (*takes it down*) Wine, by the Kora, to see what providence will do for a christian, were a Mussulman fainting to death, now, this is the first thing Mahomet would kick out of his way—drink, drink Agnes, and much good may it do thy little heart. (*Kneels and holds the kag to her mouth*) how dost now.

Agn. Troth it has cheer'd me, but—

Sadi. Well.

Agn. Will not you drink too Sadi?

Sadi. Now, does conscience make a stir within me, to know whether I am qualified to sip this liquor or not, dost think Agnes, I'm christian enough to venture.

Agn. Go to, marry thou need'st it and there is much virtue in good wine.

Sadi. Nay, and there be virtue in it, (*Drinks*) by St. Francis, Agnes, thy religion is marvellously comfortable, wou'd we were safe settled in Andalusia! I shall make as chopping a subject for a christening as ever nurse put into the hands of a friar: can'st journey onward think'st thou Agnes?

Agn. Shall we overtake the lady Zorayda?

Sadi. Nay, that's hopeless, we are bewilder'd here in the woods, and must give up all thoughts of seeing her, till we reach *Saville*.

Agn. Heaven send the dear lady be safe, I would fain then rest me *Sadi*, for in truth my legs fail me sadly.

Sadi. And here stands a cave, yawning as it would invite sleep in *Agnes*, and I'll keep guard.

Agn. You will not quit me, now?

Sadi. I would quit life first,—should any venture to harm thee, they must first taste what a Moor's dagger be made of. (*puts her in the cave.*)

Enter OCTAVIAN.

Octa. How now?

Sadi. Here's one willing to taste already—this now by the costliness of his robes, must be lord of this manor, hold sir, whither would you?

Octa. I wou'd pass deep in yon cave, to hide me from the sun, his rising beams have tipt the trees with gold, he gladdens man, but I do bask in sorrow—give way.

Sadi. Mark you, I do respect sorrow too much to do it wilful injury, I am a Moor 'tis true, that is, I am not quite a christian, but I never yet saw a man bending under misfortune, that I did not think it a pleasure to lighten his load; strive to pass here, and I must add blows to your burthen, and that might haply break your back—but to say the truth, I have now a treasure in this cave, which, if I can prevent it, sorrow shall never come near.

Octa. Death! must I burrow here with brutes and find my haunts broke in upon, my cares disturb'd by reptiles, I'll dash thy body o'er the rock, and leave thee to the vultures.

Sadi. Friend, you'll find me too tough a dinner to be serv'd up to 'em. (*They struggle, Agnes runs between them.*)

Agn. Oh! good *Sadi*, for my sake,—gentleman forbear,

Octa. Woman!

Sadi. Aye, and touch her if you dare.

Octa. Not for the worth of worlds! thou lost her, mark! he who would cut the knot that doth entwine and link together two loving hearts in union, tho' he may have man's form, but at his birth be sure some devil thrust sweet nature's hand aside, ere she has pour'd her balm within his breast, to warm his gross and earthly mould with pity.

Sadi. This fellow now is like a great melon, with a rough outside, and much sweetness within—it seems as thou wert sent ragged ambassador here from some strange nation, to treat with

the four footed citizens of this mountain, and as we're unknown in these parts, we'll even throw ourselves on your protection.

Olla. Some paces hence, there is a Goatherd's cot, begirt with brake and bush, and weather proof.

Agn. Let us thither, Sadi.

Sadi. Content.

Olla. I'll lead thee to it, for I am high in office in capid's cabinet; I bear the torch before the little god, and 'tis my care to shield from peril true loves votaries.

Sadi. I knew he was a great man, but never before heard of such a place of dignity—along good fellow, and we'll follow you.

Olla. They shall not part you, for I know what 'tis when worldly knaves step in with silver beads to pluck young loving souls asunder.—Oh, wander boundless love across the wilds, give thy free passion scope, and range the wilderness, crib not thyself in cities, for 'tis there the thrifty grey philosopher inhabits to check the growing impulse in his child—Gahn is the old man's god, he offers up his issue to it, and with mercenary wedlock murders his offspring's peace—they murdered mine, they tore it from my bosom by the roots, and with it pluck'd out hope!—well, well, no matter—dispair burns high within me, and its fire serves for heat to keep my clay in motion, follow my footsteps.

Agn. Out, alas! his wife are turn'd; do not venture with him Sadi, he'll do us mischief.

Sadi. Truly, the tenement of his brain seems out of repair,—wilt lead us safe now?

Olla. Before our.

Sadi. Tuck thyself under my arm Agnes, now our scymetar, bring us to this same Goatherd's, and thou shalt have our best acknowledgements, but if thou venturest to harm her, I'll quickly stir the fire in thy bosom, thou talk'st of—and this shall serve for a poker.

Olla. Should the giant wolf cross lovers in their path, I'd rend their rugged jaws, and he should bay the moon no more with howling.—Tread the thicket—follow love's messenger, come, come, [Exit.]

Enter GOATHERDS.

1st. Goa. In, brother Goatherds, by the mass 'tis breed day, I and the blazing sun cries sluggard upon us—up to the pens, our goats will choke else, they have need'd drink an hour ago.

2d. Goa. Truly, brother Goatherds, so have we, man has a call for refreshment, and 'tis but fit that beast should carry till his betters be serv'd before him, we have walk'd a good half league this morning, let us wet our whistles, and then we'll think of

the horns and long beards of our cuckoldy cattle.

SONG and CHORUS, GOATHERDS.

BROTHER Goatherd, mark you me?

Pledge me when I drink to thee,

Let us drain the skins of wine,

Till our ruby noses shine :

Mountain grapes, and moountain cheer,

Warm the merry mountaineers.

Lets us push the wine about, Till the last, last drop is out ;

Then each Spanish man go, And dance the fandango ;

When jigging with lasses, How sweet the time passes :

When mountain grapes, and mountain cheer,

Have warm'd the merry mountaineer.

Sluggish Goatherds, haste away !

The drooping cattle mourns your stay,

Labour till the sloping sun,

Tells you that your work is done ;

Then your rough bows with chaplets deck,

And trimly dance to the Rebec.

Then each Spanish man go, And move the fandango ;

When jigging with lasses, How sweet the time passes.

And work is done, and mountain cheer,

Warms the merry mountaineer.

[Exit.]

A C T III.—SCENE I.

The Sierra de Ronda.

Enter BULCAZIN MULEY, and GANEM.

Gan. In truth the men must rest fir.

Bul. Must !

Gan. Perforce this long and hurried march has made them faint,—we are all nigh to drop.

Bul. Here sink and rot, then I will on alone, sluggard, may the blisters that now gall thy feet, work upwards to thy heart, and fester there; then wilt thou feel some touch of anguish like that thou'lt fired in mine, thou base unmindful slave, who in thy master's absence should mark each fly that buzzes thro' his portal,—thy vigilance must nod upon its post, while a vile christian steals away my daughter.

Gan. Believe me fir.

Bul. I will not wretch, believe thee, thou art—yes Ganem, I will believe thee,—'twas all my daughter's doing—'twas her nature, her sex's wicked wanton subtle nature,—sure our wise prophet thought his followers fools, when he first promised woman for their paradise, collect the world's wide womanhood together, and the huge zone that does encompass them will bind up half the plagues that vex mankind, their airy falsehood would poise a solid universe, to fly me, her father, and so kind a father !

if somewhat rough, that was the trick of battles in which I was bread, she knew I doated on her, when I have thought on, would charm the sense—till it would almost ach with tenderness; great Allah knows, I have named thee Zorayda! then leave me thus, and break my poor old heart, and with a christian too, oh! death and shame! should she now cross me tho' she smiled upon me like twenty dimpled cherubims, my rage would tear her limb from limb, and her sweet form would scatter tho' the desert.

Gan. Beseech you sir, give orders for your soldier's.

Bul. A pestilence upon thee, thou art a friend that grudgest me my sorrow's luxury,—let 'em on.

Gan. Sooth sir, they cannot on.

Bul. Mad senseless liar! thou gall'st me past endurance, and hast pulled thy death upon thee. *(Draws his scymetar.)*

Gan. Sir, take my life, it is not worth keeping, I have followed you from infancy, till now, with honest zeal—'twould grieve me sir to seek another master, and as my truth is grown displeasing to you—'twere good you bring my service to a close and e'en dispatch 'em here at once.

Bul. I tell thee Ganem, I have a daughter, think of that good Ganem, and she has fled me—I do think thy council kindly meant, but spare it now good Ganem, my passion cannot brook it—do we pursue their track?

Gan. The peasant sir, whom we did question at the mountain's foot, pointed this path to Ronda, hitherward your daughter, as we take it, must have journeyed.

Bul. They shall not rest, have I not shared their labour, he who first murmurs on his march shall die, by Mahomet, I swear if I hear a single Moor bewailing the fatigue his coward carcase endures, on the instant my scymetar shall search his body through—march slaves, away. *(Exit.)*

SCENE—II.

The outside of a Goatherd's cottage, SADI and AGNES discovered eating and drinking at a table.

Sadi. Truly, eating is a mighty refreshing invention, this olla podrida of our friend, the Goatherd here has a strange quality on it of raising the spirits; what's the reason on't Agnes, I never swallowed a meal before that made me so merry?

Agn. Out you goose, 'tis the wine you have drank, wine you know comforts man, and makes him light of heart, Sadi.

Sadi. What an advantage is it to be a catholic, to be able to cork up comfort, and carry his happiness about with him under his arm in a flaggon, pour some of this light headedness down thy sweet throat Agnes,—had I a hundred vintages of welfare, I

would leave them all untapped if thou wert by to share 'em with me. *(falls and drinks.)*

Agn. That's sufficient Sadi, too much wine would work to thy brain, and weaken reason. *[Sadi rises.]*

Sadi. That must be, because my scull is not altogether christian, did'st repose well here at the Goatherd's, Agnes.

Agn. Trust me, did I—but it had better pleased me if you had not sat in the corner of the hut, and watched while I rested.

Sadi. I could watch like a cat for twenty years, to see you sleep so sweetly, what a pretty thing it is to be near the woman one loves, when she's taking a nap, and check one's inclination of kissing her eye-lids for fear of waking her; shouldst thou ever slumber at night with thy head upon my shoulders, Agnes, I wou'd not stir to disturb thee, though I were bit to the bone with a million of muscaros.

Agn. Away you giddy prater, you will be a right follower of the bottle shortly.

Sadi. Why look'ye sweet, my love, for wine is but of a few hours growth, yet though I was enamoured of it at first taste, I began to stick by it with true christian constancy, for it has let me into a secret Agnes, every drop I take of it, makes me find out how much I delight in thy company, I grow fonder, and fonder, at every tipple.

Agn. Ay, so it would happen, were any other present.

Sadi. No, by Mahomet! psba! that's a mussulman's oath, and disgraces a mouth that has been washed with wine, by St. Dominick! then sweet Agnes, were all the beauties of Spain collected together like a huge row of filberts, I would pick thee from the cluster, nor think another nut in the whole grove worth the cracking.

Agn. Wilt thy love hold fast now, after we are married, Sadi?

Sadi. Aye, marry will it, and never let go, 'tis in my nature wench, and you might as well think to scour me white, as to scrub my love out of me, 'tis of the lasting kind, like my complexion.

Agn. And if thy skin grows dusky as thy love strengthens, I should think thee pretty, though thy cheeks were as dark as a raver.

Sadi. Well, there's no accounting for the taste of a female, but were all women of thy mind Agnes, what a number of vain copper faced gentlemen would strut about among the girls in christian countries, and dingy puppies would be as plenty as those of a lighter complexion,—shall we into the hut, and look to our poor crazy guide here?

Agn. Oh Sadi! how my heart bleeds for him, he will sit awhile and look steadily on nothing, and then groan so piteously as tho' 'twould rive his very heart, would we could comfort him.

Sadi. I'll pour a flask of wine down his throat, and then if he's past cure in this world, he must look elsewhere for consolation.

DUET—SADI and AGNES.

FAINT and wearily, the way-worn traveller

Plods, uncheerily, afraid to stop!

Wand'ring, drearily, a sad unraveller,

Of the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top!

Doubting, fearing, while his course he's steering,

Cottages appearing, when he's nigh to drop;

O! how briskly, then, the way-worn traveller,

Treads the mazes tow'rd the mountain top.

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,

'Twould be folly, now to think on't more;

Blythe and jolly, he the kag holds fast by,

As he's sitting at the Goatherd's door.

Eating, quaffing, at past labour laughing!

Better far, by half, in spirits than before:

O! how merry, then the rested traveller

Seems, while sitting at the Goatherd's door.

Sadi. Who comes here?

Enter FLORANTHE and ROQUE.

Roq. Stand, art not a Moor and an enemy?

Sadi. I have now near two full flaggons of christianity in me, but I am somewhat of a Moor as to impatience, therefore parley courteously, lest you get nothing but dry blows in exchange.

Flo. Peace, peace, good Roque, and let me question him; tell me, I beseech you, as you journeyed on, has it so chanced that there should cross your path a man?—good faith it cuts my heart in twain how to describe him.

Sadi. What kind of a man?

Flo. Lovely as the day, he was, but envious clouds have dimm'd his lustre, he is as a rock opposed to the rude sea that beats against it worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them in sullen majesty, rugged now his looks, for out alas! calamity has blur'd the fairest pride of manly comeliness that ever rear'd his lofty head to heaven—'Tis not of late, that I heard his voice, but if it be not changed,—I think it cannot, there is a melody in every word—would charm the towering eagle in her flight, and tame the hungry lion.

Agn. Never trust me Sadi, if he means not our guide.

Sadi. Answer me to one point, and I can satisfy you,—is he crazy?

Roq. Crazy! now does my fingers itch to beat this unman-
nerly morsal of dinginess.

Sadi. Hark'ye, rough fir, should occasion serve, I can go to
cuffs with as good a will as another.

Flo. Prithce Roque be calm;—I know not to answer thee, he
whom we seek through wayward circumstances and crosses of the
times, though in the main, his reason's most clear, will in some
fort start into passion, and his matter then, though method ever
tempers his discourse, may seem I fear, to those who know him
not, like idle phantasy.

Sadi. Then such have I seen, such a man in pure kindness, has
conducted us hither, and such a man is now within the hut, here.

Flo. Here! mercy heaven!

Roq. Nay, nay, bear up lady, our labour now will soon have
an end, all will be well I warrant, lead us in my good fellow.

Sadi. Good fellow! This is one of your weather-cock knaves
now, that points all ways as the wind veers, in and I'll con-
duct you—but you must wait awhile in the outward nook of the
hovel, for to thrust ourselves so sudden into the presence of so
moody a gentleman, might happily offend his dignity, come Agnes.

Agn. Have with you, Sadi.

Sadi. Nay, I wou'dnt budge an inch without you, in and
I'll shew you, young fir.

Flo. Lead and we follow.

Roq. Pray you, be of good comfort.

Flo. Well, well, I tremble sadly. *(Exit into the cot.)*

S C E N E—III.

Inside of the cottage, Enter old Goatherd, followed by Octavian.

Old Goa. Neither food nor refreshment; well, 'tis strange!
will nothing persuade you to take refreshment, gentle fir.

Ceta. Nothing that thou can'st say—what, thou'art old and
'tis the trick of age to offer gifts, merely to seize the wretch that
would accept them.

Old Goa. Nay, but our lady!

Oeta. Hark'ye—ere now, there came a hoary cheat, and
placed before my eyes the richest fare that ever tempted glutton;
what dost think? when I would eat, he whipt it from the board,
but he was fool'd, for then I drank huge draughts of sorrow
down, and banqueted on tears,

Old Goa. Mais! 'twas sorry method of regailing, were I given
to revelry, I would look for liquor of another brewage.

Oeta. Thou'st look for any thing to swell thy stores, though
thy full bags were bursting,—Were the road to one poor ducat
paved with youthful hearts, sprinkle grey hairs upon a fellow's

pate, he'd trample over them all to catch it—hast any children? where are they?

Old Goa. Alas! my son is dead, and know I have but one, and she is gone, I know not whither: Pedro had my consent to woo her had he not been altogether poor, and now she has strayed in despair, because I would not see her wed unhappily.

Oda. Why, 'twas well done, 'twas justice on thy avarice to doom thyself to live in purgatory, and fix within thy breast the knawing thoughts that thou hast driven forth thy innocent child through the wide globe, a friendless wanderer; Oh, thou wilt thrive now in the shuffling croud of this world's traffic, when the drover comes, sell him thy rotten rams, and rate them sound as those of the highest market, cheat thy neighbour, slice him, and fear not, glut thyself on plunder for thou art sunk so low in hell for this, there is no guilt in vice's catalogue can plunge thee deeper, (*knocking*) see who 'tis that knocks.

Old Goa. I shall sir; but I am not as you would picture me for all your saying—I have not lived these fifty years upon the credit of my cattle, to offer rotten goats for sale at this time of day, and pass them current—I shall to the door, sir. (*Exit.*)

Oda. (*Pulls out a portrait*) Out, bawble, let me kiss thee, sweet Floranthe, when the cold limner drew thy semblance here, how charm'd I sat and mark'd the modest blush that virgin bashfulness threw into thy cheek, as the dull clod unmoved did stare upon thee to pencil out thy feature's character, those times are past;—yet 'tis comfort to bring remembrance full upon the eye, 'tis soothing! to a fond and care worn heart, to drop a tear upon the lov'd lineaments of her, I ne'er must hope to see again.

Enter Roque.

Roq. Now, know not I how to accost him, poor gentleman! times are sadly changed with him since I saw him gayly caparisoned gazing on my lady, at my old master's mansion at Seville. Signior, do you remember my countenance?

Oda. Providence has flubbed it in haste, 'tis one of her unmeaning compositions she manufactures, when she makes a gross—she'll form a million such, and all alike, and send 'em forth ashamed, of her own work, and sets no mark upon 'em,—go, get thee gone!

Roq. Alas, the day! that a man's judgment should fail him, thus to mistake about another's visage—get me gone!—ah! signior! times has been, when you would question old Roque kindly after his health, as he lifted up the latch to give you admission to poor Donna Floranthe!

Oda. Thou hast shot lightening through me, that sound wa-

shrilling music—Oh Floranthe! I thought not even the magic of thy name could make a heart so long benumb'd with misery, leap as 'twould burst its prison,—do not mock me, if thou dost juggle; now I'll tear thee—hold, aye I remember, and as I pursue thee, past times rush in upon me with thy face, and many a thought of happiness gone by, does flush across my brain—let me not wonder, give me thy hand, Roque, I do know thy errand, thou comest to tell me Floranthe's dead, but we will meet again, I will back with thee old honesty, and lay me down heart broken beside her shrouded corpse, kiss her cold cheek, then fly to her in heaven.

Roq. Why, how now, signior? shame on this weakness, were all to bend like you when they meet disappointment—I know not who in this juggling life would walk upright—pluck up your spirits, signior, your Floranthe is living, and is true to you.

Ota. I pray you do not sport with me, old man—jeer not the wretched, I've worn away twelve weary months in anguish; I have sat darkling by day in caverns, and at night have fixed my eyes so long upon the moon, that I do fear my senses are in part sway'd by her influence—indeed I am past jesting with.

Roq. I never, signior, was much given to jesting, and he who sports with the misfortunes of another, though he may bring his head into repute for fancy, does his heart little credit for feeling—rest you quiet, signior, here is one waiting without, that I have brought along with me, who will give you joy, that makes a trade on't, for in fifty years that time has laid his saddle on my back, he never so gall'd my old whithers as now. (*Exit.*)

Ota. Habit does much, I do begin to think since grief has been so close an inmate with me, that I have strained her nearer to my bosom, than I had pressed her, had the chequered scence which rouses man who mixes with his kind kept me from dotage on her,—our affections must have a rest, and sorrow when secluded, grows strong in weakness—sure I am not mad! Floranthe's lost, and since my stubborn frame will stand the tug, I'll to the hated world, fit mingler in the throng, miscalled Society.

Enter FLORANTHE.

He gazes at her some time before he speaks to her.

Ota. What art thou! speak!—that face, yet this attire Floranthe—no—it cannot! Oh! good heaven, vex not a poor weak creature thus, Floranthe, how my sight thickens—speak!

Flo. Octavian!

Ota. That voice—it is—so long too, let me clasp thee! (*runs to meet her, and falls on his face.*)

Flo. Oh! I did fear this my Octavian—to see thee thus, alas! Octavian! revive, or thou wilt kill me,—’tis Floranthe—thy own Floranthe.

Osta. (*revives*) It has chanced before that I have dreamt this! and when I woke, big drops did stand upon my clay cold cheeks, as they do now!—the vision did so shake me! ’tis there again—brain! brain! why? laye that hand. pray let me kiss it! oh! ’tis she, ’tis real, for my strong pulse is still so sensible to every touch of thine, that the sweet contact strikes certain to it, and now it throbs intelligence! how chanceth this? are you here to scoff, my lady? alas! Floranthe, I am sadly changed since last we parted.

Flo. Look not so wildly—scoff thee Octavian! little thou know’st how often I have wept away the night with thinking on thy fortunes, but alas, I thought not this, oh! what hast thou endured, wandering! exposed! unsheltered!

Osta. Pish, I heeded not the storm—why, I remember when last the fork’d lightning struck me down, I lay upon the rock and smiled to see the feeble malice of the elements,—’tis here, here, only I am vulnerable. (*Laying his hand on his heart.*)

Flo. You cut my heart across, pray you be comforted, I will pour balm unto thy bleeding heart, and heal it up for ever.

Osta. Get thee back, he who would snatch thee from me, tho’ he fell, *fell by his arm*, met not his death from me. I had not fled three days, ere I did learn it, and sure thy father whose delight it is to torture faithful love, has given thee to him, the thought does mad me,—go get thee to thy husband.

Flo. Then let me greet him here, for here, Octavian, infirm and maiden holiness, I swear if thou dost never lead me to the altar, my life shall waste in cloistered solitude.

Osta. How’s that! what does thy father then?—impossible, does he relent?

Flo. I needs must grieve, for still he was my father, and he that stood between thy love, and thee, is married to another.

Osta. Art you mine then?—Ha, ha, ha, ha! faith I am very weak,—pray pardon me, ’tis somewhat sudden this, I am unused to any touch of joy, it overcomes me, I shall weep soon, and then I shall be well.

Flo. Nay, calm thy spirits now, prithee.

Osta. Well, well, look on me, sweet, oh! many a time in anguish, I have thought that angel form before my eye, till my hot brain has driven me tho’ the wild, daring by night the precipice’s edge, to clasp thy airy phantom—this repays one.

Flo. Restrain this passion, these starts do wear thee sadly, we will leave this gloom.

Osa. Let us on, as I do cool I shudder at myself, and look with horror back upon this waste, where cheerless I have stray'd, shut out from man, a solitary wild inhabitant, now with thee sweet, already I have felt what 'tis to lose thee,—they take my life, who tear thee from me now, for death shall only part us,—come Floranthe!

[*Exit*]

S C E N E—IV.

The Sierra de Ronda.

Enter VIROLET, ZORAYDA, and KILMALLOCK.

Viro. I tell thee thou dost lead us wrong, Kilmallock, see here, we measure back the self same steps that we have trod before.

Kil. Faith, count, then this turns out according to my old luck, how hard is it upon industrious travellers, who follow their noses upon a journey, to find out they have only been walking backwards after all.

Viro. Zorayda, be of good comfort, sweet.

Zor. I will strive to keep my heart from sinking, yet these perils might shake a firmer spirit—as I slept, I dreamt my father came to me in wrath, and held a dagger over me.

Kil. I seldom knew a woman go to sleep, that she did not dream of mischief, well, no wonder we have lost our road, for the devil of any think like one is there in this whole abominable Sierra de Ronda.

Viro. Yon rock which rises in a rugged spire, o'ertopping his black fellows, doth appear the mountains utmost summit—could we climb it, we might desery some distant town to serve us as a beacon on our way.

Kil. By my soul you have hit on't,—I had pondered all day, ere I had hit on such an expedient which carries with it only one small difficulty.

Viro. What is it, Kilmallock?

Kil. 'Tis so sharp and perpendicular, that old Satan himself could never get up it.

Viro. 'Tut, man, I'll warrant, we'll assist each other.

Kil. Faith, and that's true again, for I defy any living creature to master it alone but a cat, a bear or a monkey.

Viro. Sure, nought can harm you here, here sweet, rest a while, strait we will both return, and bring, I trust the clue to unwind thee (ere the sun has set) from this briery labyrinth—come good comrade, and I swear to thee on a rough soldier's word, I know not howe'er to requite thee for thy friendship.

Kil. Pish, count! what for scrambling up a rock, why when

I was a green-horn I would have gone as far after a bird's nest—oh! by St. Jago, may the man that falters to risque his neck for a friend and a female in a mountain, break it, while he's a boy in climbing for eggs in an orchard! *[Exit with Violet.]*

Zor. I knew not why it is at this our parting, my blood should flow so chilly tho' my veins! I will rest me till my love returns, for there is something strange and unwanted prays upon my soul, till my weak body totters. *(Rests on a bank.)*

Enter BELCAZIN MULEY.

Bul. Curses on them! Fortune has poured her dregs of malice on me, and packed these weak and halting hnaves together to check my expedition,—every Moor measures his swarthy length upon the ground—beneath each bush there lies a fainting soldier,—that Ganem too should droop—still will I forward, should I now overtake the changeling plodding on her way with this same christian Renegade, were every nerve unstrung with lassitude, I think the loathsome sight would nerve my arm to strike her down before me—soft!—by Mahomet 'tis she, alone too—she seems weak and sinking. Oh! my poor child, my stubborn wayward child—shame on't, I shall forget my injuries, Zorayda.

Zor. Oh! Heaven! my father!

Bul. Ay, look on me, thou can'st not—well, that's something, there still is left some touch of shame within thee, tell me, thou viper—what is it choaks me thus? Oh! thou hast broke the poor old father's heart, my curses on thee, thy ingratitude, thy infamy,—what made thee fly me?

Zor. Conscience, the holy zeal that led me from thy house, burns high within me, now that frown, my father would kill me else—'tis true I am your child, stab me, I'll kiss the hand that gives me death! but I would languish out in torture, ere I would quit that heaven directed path. the strong resistless movements of my soul bid me follow.

Bul. One point, and I have done, tell me, Zorayda, I'd have it from thy lips—that circumstance may not hang a doubt on't,—is there a!—psha! I cannot utter it—hast thou a companion in thy flight?

Zor. My father, I shoud disgrace the faith I follow now to utter falsehood to thee, one has strayed across this mountain with me, yet I swear I had ne'er followed him, had he not proved himself well school'd in honour, and a right christian.

Bul. Pestilence and torture dost own it wretch? thou hast disgraced thy father's blood, and justice which has slept now rouses and will shed it. *(Goes to kill her.)*

Enter OCTAVIAN, FLORANTHE and ROGUE.

Olla. Russian! hold advance thy arm the tenth part of a hair to injure helpless woman, by my soul prove but my weapon true, thy turban'd head shall roll a trunkless ball upon the ground for crows to peck at.

Bul. Busy fools, begone, you do seem a christian, and it shocks my sight to look on any of your tribe, hence—nor cross a father's vengeance on his child, I could have pardoned had she not sloop'd to mingle with thy herd, but she hath fled our holy prophet's laws, fled like a wanton, to wander with a dog of thy persuasion.

Olla. Love and religion mingled—brighter objects ne'er glow'd within a virgin beauty's bosom, and thou would'st smother them—oh! thou'st a true father, wretch should the savage spirit that gives strength to twenty Moors, now brace thy sinews, I'd grapple with thee thus, nor quit my hold till I had offered thee a sacrifice on injured loves pure altar.

They grapple, Octavian wrests the scymetar from Bulcazin, throws him, and holds the weapon over him.

Enter VIROLET and KILMALLOR.

Zor. Oh, heaven! my dear father, save him!

Viro. Zorayda! her father stop thy hand! 'tis better thou did'st plunge thy weapon here home to my very heart, then let it fall on him thou'st overthrown—by heaven! it is the lost Octavian!

Olla. Thy word can charm me, thou art Floranthe's brother, and I swear, for no man else could I restrain,—the transport that gushes on my soul, when I have pulled at last one flinty father to my feet, who tears the virtuous love asunder, and strews his childrens path with thorns. (Gives his scymetar to Virolet.)

Viro. Sir, this which I restore into your hands, I fear me in my absence has been raised against a daughters life. He for whose sake you would bereave her of it, is a christian bred up in the faith which doth teach him to shelter your's in the hour of distress, and to offer succour to his enemy.

Kil. Spoke, count, like a noble gentleman—oh! let a christian alone for a good action, he'll do you twenty in a breath, without preaching at our 'em, while a muselman will strut up his koran to go kick his fellow creatures about like a foot-ball.

Bul. Christian it seems I owe my life to thee, 'tis a vast debt thou hast heap'd upon me, and I have something working here doth urge me to requite thee for it, for trust me, christian, the rough and dusky bosom of a Moor, has feeling in it—Zorayda, my child, come hither to me—oh! this struggle, take her chris-

tian ; but speak not to me, now will I as far as Ronda with thee, there we may confer more calmly.

Zor. Oh! my father.

Viro. This is a gift indeed!

(Exit.

Enter SADI, AGNES and GOATHERDS.

SONG—SADI.

THINK your tawney-moor is true, pretty Agnes!
If I wish for ought but you, that it is—dear Agnes!
'Tis to hear your music tinkling, while the lusty wine I'm drinking
Nothing more dear Agnes!
Tink a tink the music goes, while the guggling liquor flows,
Guggle, guggle, glug-a-glug, glug-a-glug—dear Agnes.
Should your spirits droop—oh, then, pretty Agnes!
I could raise them soon again, thus I'd do't, dear Agnes!
Tawney-moor—when you were sinking—
Should refresh you, sweet, with—drinking—
Nothing more—dear Agnes!

Then tink a tink, &c. &c.

When your lips were moist with wine, pretty Agnes!
Then could I, too, moisten mine; that I could—dear Agnes!
And, lest they dried with wind and weather,
Then we'd join our lips together;—
Nothing more, dear Agnes!

Then tink a tink, &c.

Sadi. Nay, come on Agnes, with thee under one arm, and a flaggon under t'other, a fig for mountains, and let the world wag.

Agn. Mercy, here's a godly company, the lay Zorayda, oh! the happy day!

Sadi. And my old master the Moor, by all the saints in christendom.

Viro. Content thee, honest fellow, now thou see'st all thy friends about thee.

Sadi. And that not content a man, nothing will! but that we may not lose ourselves again, see where the Goatherds come to welcome us on our way.

Olla. Each anxious care now dissolves before us, and our light hearts, welcome the approach of happiness. Those unexpected joys for which we are indebted to providence, convince us that man should never doubt the care of heaven, which can thus in a moment extricate us from the greatest difficulties.

FINALE.

MULETEERS, MOORS, PEASANTS, &c.

AS we Goatherds trudge along,
O'er the mountains bleak and brown,
Merrily we troll the song,
Till we reach the distant town.

With scrip, and wine that, sparkling, smiles,
The dreary journey each beguiles
Thro' cold and heat, thro' sun, thro' snow
We sing to market as we go.

As we Goatherds, &c.

And each a female by his side,
(Wedded wife or wish'd for bride,
Cheerily descends the dale,

Whisp'ring soft a true love tale.

As we Goatherds, &c.

Blest be ev'ry faithful pair,
May no rigid sires controul,
In the bosom of the fair;

The pure emotion of the soul.

Thus we Goatherds, &c.

24 MA 59

THE END.